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Five favourite songs

Glasgow

[182-?]

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Favourite Songs. 2

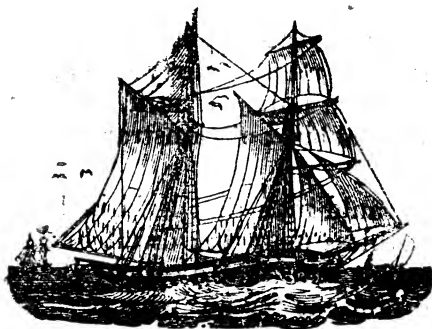
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOU'RT GANE AWA.

THE AULD MAN GAUN TO BE MARRIED.

THE WARNING MOAN.

THE HEATHER BELL.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

THE AULD MAN GAUN TO BE MARRIED.

In Beith there liv'd a frail auld man,
His age was sixty-five an' ten,
Wha took a break, whan near his en',
That he wad gang an' marry :

The auld man that liv'd in Beith,
The aged man that dwalt in Beith,
The deein man that liv'd in Beith,
He wad gang try an' marry.

He lee'd an' cheated, pinch'd his wame,
Grew rich by mony a dirty scheme,
But he turned auld, an' stiff, an' lame,
Black, crabbit, an' camstrary.

The rich auld man that liv'd in Beith,
The worthless man that dwalt in Beith,
The crabbit man that dwalt in Beith,
Wad fain gae try an' marry.

He thought on Meg sae trig an' douce,
To wash his claes, an' clean his house,
That ne'er a spider nor a louse
In his abode might tarry.

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The aged man that liv'd in Beith,
The dirty man that liv'd in Beith,
The black auld man that wenn'd in Beith,
Saw nae relief but marry.

He promis'd cash, he'd fetch her brows,
Himsel' an' a' within his wa's,
Nae bittin horse nor empty sta's,
But brimfu' cups to carry.

The loving man that liv'd in Beith,
The amorous man that dwalt in Beith,
The frank auld man that dwalt in Beith,
Wad gie his all an' marry.

But ah, the road to her was lang,
The man was frail, an' cou'dna gang;
His kin said things war, a' gaun wrang—
The auld fool wad them herry.

The frail auld man that liv'd in Beith,
The cross'd auld chap that liv'd in Beith,
The vex'd auld man that dwalt in Beith,
They wadna let him marry.

They watch'd him closely out and in,
Said he was daft—they wad him bin',
The frail auld Beith man didna win,
To court his winsom deary.

The captive man that liv'd in Beith,
The daft auld fool that was in Beith,
The auld man that liv'd in Beith,
He ne'er got leave to marry.

Ye youngsters a' that hear my sang,
 Gif e'er ye marry, do't ere lang,
 For time and care will ding ye wrang,
 An' ye'll grow stiff and sairy.

Just like the auld black man in Beith,
 The doitet worn out man o' Beith,
 The single man that liv'd in Beith,
 Wha couldna maun to marry.

Ye're just as daft's the man o' Beith,
 Your staunch auld friend that liv'd in Beith
 Ye'll perish like, the man o' Beith,
 Wha dee't ere he could marry.

When ye are auld, gin ye be poor,
 Your kin will drive you frae their door;
 Gin ye be rich they'll use you waur,
 They'll never let you marry.

This fate befel the man o' Beith,
 The poor rich man that liv'd in Beith,
 A warning to the folk o' Beith,
 To gang in time and marry.

THOU'RT GANE AWA.

Thou'rt gane awa, thou'rt gane awa,
 Thou'rt gane awa frae me, Mary,
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
 Thou'st cheated them and me, Mary.

Until this hour I never thought
 That ought could alter thee, Mary;
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
 Think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
 Wha stole that heart o' thine, Mary,
 True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,
 Nor nae sic love as mine, Mary.
 I spake sincere, ne'er flatter'd much,
 Had no unworthy thought, Mary,
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such—
 No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet while I live,
 No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary,
 So then farewell, of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,
 For all the world I'd not endure,
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

THE WARNING MOAN.

A maiden fair lay dying,
 Within her palace hall,
 And round her couch was sighing,
 Her bright attendants all;
 Her lately coroneted brow
 Feels many a rending throe,

And the hectic spot is spreading now,
O'er her wan cheek of woe.

'Tis night, fond ones bend o'er her,
With kind affection's fears ;
As though they could restore her
By their anguish and their tears ;
No hope their hearts need borrow,
For the watchdog's doeful cries,
Tell the painful tale of sorrow,
Ere morning's light she dies.

She gazes round her wildly,
When that sad sound is heard,
Then greets her lov'd ones mildly,
With a parting soul's regard ;
But ere the morning's sun has shone,
That fair one breathes no more,
And the faithful watchdog's warning moan
Is also hush'd and o'er.

THE HEATHER BELL.

Oh ! deck thy hair wi' the heather bell,
The heather bell alone ;
Leave roses to the Lowland maid,
The Lowland maid alone.
I've seen thee wi' the gay, gay rose,
And wi' the heather bell,—
I love you much with both, fair maid ;
But, wear the heather bell.

For the heather bell, the heather bell,
 Which breathes the mountain air,
 Is far more fit than roses gay
 To deck thy flowing hair.

Away, away, ye roses gay!
 The heather bell for me;
 Fair maiden, let me hear thee say,
 The heather bell for me,
 Then twine a wreath o' the heather bell,
 The heather bell alone;
 Nor rose nor lily twine ye there—
 The heather bell alone,
 For the heather bell, the heather bell,
 Which breathes the mountain air,
 Is far more fit than roses gay
 To deck thy flowing hair.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
 Who guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow.

While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the stormy winds do blow,

While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Will start from every wave ;
The deck it was their field of fame—
The ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts will glow,
As you sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds do blow, &c.

The meteor flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till the stormy night of war depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then to our faithful mariners
The social can shall flow,
Who swept through the deep
While the stormy winds did blow.

While the stormy winds did blow,
While the stormy winds did blow,
While the battle raged long and loud,
And the storms of war did blow.